

# LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON  
(Copyright, 1902, by Little, Brown and Company)  
(All Rights Reserved)

## CHAPTER XXIX.

More than a week later, one early morning, the members of the household at La Tete des Eaux were startled by the booming of cannon in the direction of Lake Borgne.

What had happened was this: An English fleet, with twelve hundred men, had, with the intention of throwing an attacking force across Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, sailed into the Gulf of Mexico and opened an attack upon the Americans, whose presence was a surprise to the enemy, as Capt. Zeney, commanding the latter, had understood that this point was defenseless.

A fierce battle followed, resulting in a partial victory for the English, who were now masters of Lake Borgne. It was the Shapira who, late in the afternoon, brought this news to La Tete des Eaux.

The house was soon in a bustle of preparation, the inmates packing hastily the few things they were to take with them in their flight, and concealing such property as would be likely to attract thieving hands among the enemy, who would, with little doubt, visit the plantation, as Shapira reported, the woods about Lake Borgne to be filled with British soldiers.

Madame Rieffet, when not absorbed in other matters, did not hesitate to express her reluctance toward accepting the assistance of this swarthy, English-looking man, whom she had never before seen, and whose very existence had been unknown to her.

"I know something of him," spoke Mademoiselle Rose. "He is the son of whom grandpere rented Kamahana. Didn't you know it?" "Yes," Lazalle added, before Madame Rieffet had time to frame a fitting reply, "and we have seen him many times about the woods here. Rose said once saw Captain Jean talking with him; and I think he is very obliging."

"But all this he tells us of a cave, where we can hide, right here on the plantation, yet which no one has ever heard of before, and no one, excepting Captain Jean and himself, seems to know anything about, sounds very strange and incredible. Did your grandpere know of this cave, Mignonne?"

"I do not know, but I think not. I never heard of such a thing. Yet, madame, it surely is safer to trust this man, who tells us that Captain Jean put him, than to stay here and risk a visit from those dreadful soldiers."

"We dare not stay, and so we must trust him," said Madame, with a weak attempt at resolution, as she slid a box into the bundle Violet was preparing to fasten.

Old Zeney had come over from Kamahana, having insisted upon being taken away with her beloved mistress; and now she entered the room to announce that Captain Jean was below stairs.

Never had his arrival at the plantation been so welcome as now. Madame Rieffet, catching up her out-of-order wraps from the bed, ordered that the various bundles be brought downstairs; for the phlegmatic Barbe had finished tying up the last one as Chloe handed Senorita Lazalle the lace scarf for her head, while Ma'am Brigida was fastening the long cloak she had insisted that her nursing should wear.

"You may feel yourself fortunate, Madame Rieffet, that you are able to leave here by daylight, and not, like some people I know, be roused from sleep to find yourself a prisoner in English hands," said Laffitte, as they passed him on the stairway.

As they were descending the stairs, he called to Shapira, who was standing on the veranda, and then hurried down, gave the latter some instructions which the others did not heed as they passed out of the house and faced the slaves, now huddled in a terrified mass, with their faces full of despairing expectancy.

Some of the women began lamenting wildly when they found that they were not to go away. But Laffitte, in his usual authoritative fashion, quieted the hubbub, and ordered Shapira to take them to the Colonneh, which he now decided was not to be used as a hiding-place for those whom he himself had, so unexpectedly, been

One of his own craft, commanded by Baptistine, was tying off the Owl's Point, awaiting the signal which would announce the coming of Laffitte, who, bent upon a private mission in the neighborhood, had not reckoned upon the present denouement.

But now, in view of all the circumstances, he considered this, the boat, a more desirable means for conveying the ladies directly to Shell Island, where now were only old Scipio, Juniper and the boy, Noto.

Waiting therefore until he saw Shapira start for the Colonneh, followed by the now quiet slaves, Laffitte, who had meantime explained his plan to his own charges, told them to follow him, and set out hurriedly in an opposite direction from that taken by Shapira and his dusky retinue.

The forest was darkening with late afternoon shadows as the fleeing party followed, in comparative silence, the tall form that led them.

At length the party emerged from the deeper shadows of their wooded way, and came into a cleared space, where the knoll known as "The Owl's Point" projected into the bay; and waiting here, Laffitte looked about him, while the others stood grouped a little distance away, awaiting quietly his movements.

But before he could give the signal to Baptistine, whose craft was concealed around the bend of the bay, two men burst from the cover of a thicket opposite Laffitte, a gun was leveled at his breast, and a hoarse voice shouted, "Surrender, you cursed pirate!"

Rose de Cazeneuve, with a wild cry, rushed between the weapon and Laffitte, while Barbe, who had been staring—as though he were a ghost—at the holder of the gun, echoed the shriek of her mistress.

"Do not—do not shoot your child!" she screamed; and, at her words, old Zeney, who stood nearest the stranger, gave him one searching look, and rushed in turn between her mistress

and the gun, just as it shot out a jet of flame.

A second report mingled so closely with the first as to make them seem but one; and Zeney, with the man who had shot her, fell to the ground.

All had happened so quickly that Laffitte, who was, for an instant, unnerved by Rose de Cazeneuve's effort to save him, had scarcely time to draw a pistol before his unknown assailant fell, as if from the discharge of his own weapon, which had killed Zeney.

In their surprise and fright, and by reason of the confusion, no one except Laffitte had comprehended any meaning in the words which followed the wild cry of Barbe, who now stood sobbing hysterically, with her arms around her half-swooning mistress, while Lazalle, with dilating nostrils and blazing eyes, sought to release herself from Madame Rieffet.

Baptistine, who had heard the shots, reached the shore in a small boat pulled by some of his crew, soon after Shapira appeared at the edge of the thick woods from whence had come the bullet that had killed Zeney's slayer.

The English sailor, at Laffitte's command, now surrendered his arms to Shapira, and was promised freedom, in exchange for a truthful statement of the motive which brought his companion and himself to the spot.

He said that the other man had been unknown to him until that same morning; and all he now knew of him was that he was a scout, picked up from among the Indians, and bought to serve the English. Capt. Lockyer, who was in command of the English fleet upon Lake Borgne, having learned that Laffitte was in that vicinity, had selected this scout to find and capture the man upon whom he longed to execute personal vengeance. His orders had been to bring Laffitte to him, alive, if possible, and dead, rather than not at all; and the sailor, having been one of the crew who rowed the British officers to their mortifying conference at Grande Terre, had been sent with the scout in order to identify Laffitte.

Such was the end of the man in whom Barbe had recognized the brilliant officer of former years—recognized, despite the shock of grizzled hair, and the changes wrought by time and a lawless life in the face and

form that had tempted the new year's elopement.

Meantime, Baptistine had landed; and leaving his men in the boat, he came leisurely to where Laffitte was questioning the English sailor. The Baratarian's shrewd eyes had glanced over the scene; and the fallen bodies, the group of excited women—all that he saw, told his alert perceptions what had presumably taken place, while the sight of his commander, standing unharmed, and Shapira's attitude, as he leaned upon his gun, assured him that the danger, such as it might have been, was past.

Hence his nonchalant, strolling gait to where Laffitte stood. The latter saw him at once, and interrupted himself to bid Shapira see that the sailor awaited his further orders. Then drawing Baptistine aside, he gave him instructions in regard to placing the ladies and their maids aboard his boat.

"But it seems very dreadful to leave poor Zeney lying there," said Rose, with a fearful backward look, as Laffitte was assisting her into the small boat.

"It is not possible to do otherwise, child," he answered gently, tightening his pressure upon the small hand he was holding. "All that can be done for her now, I will see is done before I join you. Will you not trust me to do that?"

The expression of the tear-stained eyes raised to meet his look answered him without the need of speech. "You are not coming with us?" she began, when Madame Rieffet interrupted her with a shrill—"Not coming with us! Oh, Capt. Laffitte, we cannot go without you. And these strange men! Indeed!—now angrily—"we will not!"

He had put Rose aboard the boat, and turned to assist Lazalle, while he answered Madame Rieffet's outburst calmly, although there was evidence of impatience held in check.

"I intend to escort you personally to Shell Island, madame; but it is best that you all go aboard the boat my captain here has waiting around the point. He will take you to it, and then return for me, as I have a duty here which I cannot very well perform until you and the other ladies have gone. There may be other Englishmen prowling in the vicinity; and the sound of the firing may bring them this way. If this should happen, I can manage matters to far better advantage by knowing that you are out of harm's way."

Madame made no reply, but permitted him to place her in the boat. Ma'am Brigida followed her, Violet coming last; and the sailors pushed off as Baptistine sprang aboard.

"Why does not Barbe come with us?" Madame Rieffet demanded abruptly, as she saw the French woman walk to where Shapira was bending over the body of Zeney, intending—as ordered by Laffitte—to carry it into the woods for burial.

Laffitte answered from the shore, "Barbe will come with me; there is something I wish her to do, Madame Rieffet, if you will kindly permit."

He had, unnoticed by the others, laid a detaining hand on Barbe's arm, and whispered, "I wish to speak with you; wait here until the boat returns."

She gave no sign of having heard him, but stood silently, until, as Violet was following Brigida into the boat, she turned and walked over to where lay the dead.

(To be continued.)

Duly Qualified Kisses.

Some individual with oceans of time on his hands has conceived the idea of hunting through the works of English novelists for the purpose of finding all the adjectives used to qualify the word kiss. The result is as follows:

Cold, warm, icy, burning, chilly, cool, loving, indifferent, balsamic, fragrant, blissful, passionate, aromatic, with tears bedewed, long, soft, hasty, intoxicating, dissembling, delicious, pious, tender, beguiling, hearty, distracted, frantic, fresh-as-the-morning, breathing fire, divine, satanic, glad, sad, superficial, quiet, loud, fond, heavenly, execrable, devouring, ominous, fervent, parching, nervous, soulless, stupefying, slight, careless, anxious, painful, sweet, refreshing, embarrassed, shy, mute, ravishing, holy, sacred, firm, hurried, faithless, narcotic, feverish, immoderate, sisterly, brotherly, and paradoxical. The task seemed interminable, and he gave up at this stage.

Australia's Rabbit Plague.

The last spell of heat cleared off a multitude of rabbits directly around Broken Hill, and although there are still many about, they are not nearly so plentiful as a few weeks ago. However, apparently there has been no diminution on the holdings a few miles from Broken Hill. At one well-known station the lessee has been trapping the rabbits at the tank when they come to drink. In this way no fewer than 35,000 rabbits have been exterminated at one tank in a fortnight. A cartload containing 700 rabbits, was put on the scales and weighed one ton.—Melbourne Argus.

Historic Thimbles.

In Mrs. Vanderbilt's collection of thimbles, which is the envy of her friends, there are several that are not only very beautiful, but historically valuable as well. Among the latter, and probably most highly valued by their fortunate owner, is one which was originally worn by Queen Elizabeth; another, which shows its royal owner knew its use, was the property of Princess Alice; still another dainty conception in gold and enamel once belonged to the Princess of Wales, while most valued of all is one said to have been used by Queen Victoria when she was a girl.

## IMPORTANCE OF ERIE CANAL

WILL BE THE LARGEST ARTIFICIAL WATERWAY IN WORLD.

Improved Excavating Machinery to Be Tested in the Work, Which Will Cost \$101,000,000.

One of the big projects which is occupying the attention of the people of the state of New York is the enlargement of the Erie canal, an appropriation of \$101,000,000 having been made by the legislature for the purpose. The extent of the proposed enlargement will make the canal the largest artificial waterway for navigation in the world, considering the length as well as the breadth and depth. When speaking of the Erie canal we include its two important branches which are frequently overlooked, and these are to share in the improvement. These branches are the Oswego canal, 38 miles long, extending from Onondaga lake, near



General View of Excavation Showing Deep Cut Near Rochester.

Syracuse to Lake Ontario at Oswego, and the Champlain, 66 miles long, which furnishes a navigable waterway from the upper Hudson near Troy to Lake Champlain. Each may be called a branch of the Erie for the reason that boats passing through the Oswego canal enter the main channel by way of Onondaga lake, while boats from Lake Champlain bound southward and westward enter the Erie near the southern terminus of the Champlain canal. The value of these branches is indicated by the fact that they furnish the interior of New York state its only water connection with Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river, and are the means of considerably swelling the traffic of the main canal, since they also give it a connection by water with Canada.

The main canal and branches will be of uniform depth and breadth on the bottom. Vessels drawing 11½ feet of water can pass from one end to the other of the system, while the width at the bottom will be at least

## FAMINE AT WAKUYA, JAPAN

MISERY AND WANT HAVE RUN RIOT IN JAPANESE TOWN.

Pen Picture of the Sufferings of the People by Murasaki Oyami, a Japanese Correspondent.

Few places in the northeastern provinces of Japan have suffered more from the famine than has the town of Wakuya, about 25 miles north of Sendai. If the testimony of Murasaki Oyami, a Japanese correspondent, an eye-witness of the distress, is considered. He writes that there "the want and misery have run riot."

One of the distressing features of the famine has been the desertion of children by their parents, hundreds of such cases having resulted as an irresistible consequence of the lack of food. Among the efforts which have been put forth to succor these little waifs, none is more touching than that of Mrs. Narita, a poor but energetic woman who has gathered a group of girls together and is striving to make them not only self-supporting, but capable of rendering aid to their families. For this purpose she is teaching them to make Hattenberg lace, which finds ready sale in Tokio. Then as fast as it is possible she sends them on to the famous Okayama orphan asylum, an institution that has bravely set to work caring for scores of these needy northern people.

Mr. Miura, a Japanese philanthropist at work at Wakuya, is busy giving out the "sympathy bags" of rice to families most in need. In one case he found a family where the father and grandfather were striving to keep the dread wolf of hunger from the door by bringing wood on their backs from the mountains five miles away, and for which work they earn an equivalent of two pence a day.

Little waif whose mother died from the sufferings she had to endure, and whose father, despairing of ever being

Succoring a Waif.

of an old man of 87 years who, when found, was almost dead of starvation, but who had strength enough left to reply when food was offered him:

"If my descendants should ever know that I received public aid, they would never hold up their heads. It is better to die."

This is the spirit found among so many of the old people whose self-respect suffers in the receiving of charity.

Feminine Way.

"I understand," said the parson "that you young ladies held the first meeting of your debating club last night. What was the subject of your discussion?"

"Really, I do not remember," answered the maid with the dimple, "but anyway the subject had nothing to do with what we talked about."—Chicago Daily News.

Played in Luck.

Rowan—Did you have any trouble in learning to play the cornet? Blot—None worth mentioning. All the neighbors were poor shots.—Chicago Daily News.

The Cure.

Miss Budd—How did you cure your insomnia? Mrs. Lotus—Sitting up nights waiting for my husband. I always get sleepy before he gets home.—Detroit Free Press.

The Usual Way.

"What did Riggles do to make himself so famous?"

"Mostly the public."

## MINES AND MINING

The Boston News Bureau figures that Utah will be producing copper at the rate of 300,000,000 pounds per annum within three years.

A lot of ore has been started from the Sunnyside mine at Roosevelt to be taken to Portland for treatment in the Garvin cyanide machine.

During the past week on the Salt Lake Mining Exchange, a total of 146,200 shares of stock changed hands, the selling value being \$109,025.

Gradually and surely the Nevada Northern railroad is covering the distance from Cobre, on the Southern Pacific, to the big copper camp of Ely.

A steady shipper of gold ore to the Salt Lake market is the Gold Quartz Mining company, operating twenty-five miles from Beowawe, on the Southern Pacific road west of Ogden.

Favorable action was taken last week by the Salt Lake stock exchange listing committee on the application of the Sunnyside Mining company of Thunder mountain, for the listing of its stock.

The Nevada Fairview Mining company, an organization of prominent Salt Lake investors, who were early upon the ground at Fairview, last week made the last payment upon the Warren group of properties.

There is a prospect of a copper output in Utah by the close of 1908 at the rate of 200,000,000 pounds per annum and within three years of 300,000,000 pounds per annum, or, at the present rate of copper production in Arizona.

That the very surface of the Yerington Copper company's possessions is capable of producing enormous copper values is more than shown by the quality of samples that have been sent from this property to Salt Lake City.

From recent transactions made in Eldorado canyon properties, it is believed by many mining men in southern Nevada that Senator W. A. Clark of Montana has either purchased outright or obtained a controlling interest in the famous Wall Street, Quaker City and Teahatcup mines in that district.

As far as is known, the record for ore shipments from the Alta district during the present resurrection period was broken on Wednesday of last week, when there arrived at the Salt Lake samplers from this district ninety-five tons of ore, all of it being hauled from the properties to Sandy by team.

A strike has been made in the General Connor property, in the Gold Mountain district, in Utah, that is creating not a little excitement at camp. The property is being operated under bond by Charles Skougard, Guy Lewis and T. F. Gillan, with the latter in charge, and reports border on the sensational.

The foundation for the first 3,000-ton unit of the Boston Consolidated company's 6,000-ton milling plant at Garfield are finished and Engineer A. J. Bettles states that he is now ready for the structural steel. When the raising of this will begin, he states, is up to the steel company, which should begin its deliveries during the next few days.

H. A. Kearns, one of the heavy stockholders in the Jenny property of Gold Springs, has returned from an inspection visit to this Iron county proposition in which Salt Lake is interested. The highest values obtained in gold and silver by Mr. Kearns amounted to \$68.50, and the lowest \$8.55.

W. G. Davidson, who has been operating a placer mine at Rich, Idaho, for some time, sent 510 pounds of gravel to be tested by the department of the interior to determine its mineral content, and the report shows it to be worth \$25.61 per ton. The gravel was run over a Wilfley table and 98.5 per cent of the gold was held in the content.

Orie Cole, who has been mining eighty miles up the middle fork of Boise river, says he has every reason to believe that he has located a ledge for which he and others have been searching for three years. The vein, he says, is over five feet and assays recently made show values from \$2.98 to \$293.40 per ton.

Rapid progress is being made in the construction of the 1,000-ton smelting plant of the Balakila company, now being built at Coram, Cal. All the steel construction is under contract to be delivered and erected by September 5, and it is the expectation of the management to have this plant in operation by January 1.

The Siegel Consolidated company, owning the cream of the Siegel Mining district of Nevada, is moving its resources to the Salt Lake market at the rate of two cars per week. The ore being sent to the smelters averages \$70 per ton.

The new Tonopah stock exchange, recently organized, was formally opened on the 13th and started with heavy trading for the first day. Mining stocks to the value of \$10,600 changed hands. The new venture is backed by the leading mining men in the district.



"Surrender, you cursed pirate!"